Sir John Pringle Dalrymple.

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A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY

MR. YORICK.

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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,

&c. &c.

—THEY order, ſaid I, this matter better in France—

—You have been in France? ſaid my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the moſt civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myſelf, That one and twenty miles ſailing, for 'tis abſolutely no further from Dover to Calais, ſhould give a man theſe

rights—I'll look into them: ſo giving up the argument—I went ſtraight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen ſhirts and a black pair of ſilk breeches —" the coat I have on, ſaid I, looking at the ſleeve, will do"—took a place in the Dover ſtage; and the packet ſailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got ſat down to my dinner upon a fricaſſee'd chicken ſo inconteſtably in France, that had I died that night of an indigeſtion, the whole world could not have ſuſpended the effects of the * *Droits*

* All the effects of ſtrangers (Swiſs and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are ſeized by virtue of this law, tho' the heir be upon the ſpot——the profit of theſe contingencies being farm'd, there is no redreſs.

d'aubaine

d'aubaine—my ſhirts, and black pair of ſilk breeches—portmanteau and all muſt have gone to the King of France—even the little picture which I have ſo long worn, and ſo often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck.—Ungenerous!—to ſeize upon the wreck of an unwary paſſenger, whom your ſubjects had beckon'd to their coaſt—by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people ſo civilized and courteous, and ſo renown'd for ſentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reaſon with——

But I have ſcarce ſet foot in your dominions——

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finiſh'd my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to ſatisfy my mind that I bore him no ſpleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I roſe up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—ſaid I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be miſled like other people; but there is a mildneſs in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a ſuffuſion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than

what Burgundy (at leaſt of two livres a bottle, which was ſuch as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Juſt God! ſaid I, kicking my portmanteau aſide, what is there in this world's goods which ſhould ſharpen our ſpirits, and make ſo many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out ſo cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heavieſt of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purſe, and holding it airily and uncompreſs'd, looks round him, as if he ſought for an object to ſhare it with—In doing this, I felt

every veſſel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all chearily together, and every power which ſuſtained life, perform'd it with ſo little friction, that 'twould have confounded the moſt *phyſical precieuſe* in France: with all her materialiſm, ſhe could ſcarce have called me a machine—

I'm confident, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould have overſet her creed.

The acceſſion of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as ſhe could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finiſh'd the treaty with myſelf—

—Now,

—Now, was I a King of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD ſcarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the ſport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puiſſant—*ſed non, quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reaſoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the ſame cauſes, for ought I know, which influence the tides themſelves—'twould oft be no diſ-

credit

credit to us, to ſuppoſe it was ſo: I'm ſure at leaſt for myſelf, that in many a caſe I ſhould be more highly ſatisfied, to have it ſaid by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither ſin nor ſhame," than have it paſs altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was ſo much of both.

—But be this as it may. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous; and accordingly I put my purſe into my pocket—button'd it up—ſet myſelf a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his

figure

figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcatter'd white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy—but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more temper'd by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads, which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows: but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwiſe,

otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt, (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with

ſo

ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been ſtruck with it—

—A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'TIS very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of

of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I —a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full chearfully ſhould it have been open'd

to you, for the ranſom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow—but of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to ſay, No doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal—we diſtinguiſh, my good Father! betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour—and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get

through

through it in ſloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry —Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none—but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſs'd both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door—Pſha! ſaid I with an air of careleſsneſs, three ſeveral times—but it would not do: every ungracious ſyllable I had utter'd, crouded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed without the addition of unkind language—I conſider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure ſeem'd to reenter and gently aſk me what injury he had done me?—and why I could

uſe

uſe him thus—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill; ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels; and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is diſcontented with himſelf, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaiſe—and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fitteſt for, I walk'd out into the coach yard to buy or hire ſomething of that kind to my purpoſe: an old * Deſobligeant in the furtheſt corner of the court, hit my fancy at firſt ſight, ſo I inſtantly got into it,

* A chaiſe, ſo called in France, from its holding but one perſon.

and

and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monſieur Deſſein the maſter of the hôtel—but Monſieur Deſſein being gone to veſpers, and not caring to face the Franciſcan whom I ſaw on the oppoſite ſide of the court, in conference with a lady juſt arrived, at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Deſobligeant*.

PREFACE
IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT muſt have been obſerved by many a peripatetic philoſopher, That nature has ſet up by her own unqueſtionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumſcribe the diſcontent of man: ſhe has effected her purpoſe in the quieteſt and eaſieſt manner by laying him under almoſt inſuperable obligations to work out his eaſe, and to ſuſtain his ſufferings at home. It is there only that ſhe has provided him with the moſt ſuitable objects to partake of his happineſs, and bear a part of that burden which in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for

for one pair of ſhoulders. 'Tis true we are endued with an imperfect power of ſpreading our happineſs ſometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis ſo ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, cuſtoms and habits, we lie under ſo many impediments in communicating our ſenſations out of our own ſphere, as often amount to a total impoſſibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of ſentimental commerce is always againſt the expatriated adventurer: he muſt buy what he has little occaſion for at their own price—his converſation

will ſeldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large diſcount—and this, by the by, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for ſuch converſation as he can find, it requires no great ſpirit of divination to gueſs at his party—

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the ſee-ſaw of this *Deſobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final cauſes of travelling—

Your idle people that leave their native country and go abroad for ſome reaſon or reaſons which may be derived from one of theſe general cauſes—

Infirmity

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable neceſſity.

The firſt two include all thoſe who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curioſity, vanity or ſpleen, ſubdivided and combined *in infinitum.*

The third claſs includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more eſpecially thoſe travellers who ſet out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magiſtrate — or young gentlemen tranſported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended

commended by Oxford, Aberdeen and Glaſgow.

There is a fourth claſs, but their number is ſo ſmall that they would not deſerve a diſtinction, was it not neceſſary in a work of this nature to obſerve the greateſt preciſion and nicety, to avoid a confuſion of character. And theſe men I ſpeak of, are ſuch as croſs the ſeas and ſojourn in a land of ſtrangers with a view of ſaving money for various reaſons and upon various pretences: but as they might alſo ſave themſelves and others a great deal of unneceſſary trouble by ſaving their money at home—and as their reaſons for travelling are the leaſt complex of any other ſpecies of emigrants, I ſhall di-

ſtinguiſh

ſtinguiſh theſe gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *Heads*.

Idle Travellers,
Inquiſitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of Neceſſity.

The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The ſimple Traveller,

And laſt of all (if you pleaſe) The Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myſelf) who have travell'd, and of which I am now ſitting down to give an account—as much out of *Neceſſity*, and the *beſoin de* Voyager, as any one in the claſs.

I am well aware, at the ſame time, as both my travels and obſervations will be altogether of a different caſt from any of my fore-runners; that I might have inſiſted upon a whole nitch entirely to myſelf—but I ſhould break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wiſhing to draw attention towards me, till I have ſome better grounds for it, than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle.*

It

It is ſufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himſelf, that with ſtudy and reflection hereupon he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue—it will be one ſtep towards knowing himſelf; as it is great odds, but he retains ſome tincture and reſemblance, of what he imbibed or carried out, to the preſent hour.

The man who firſt tranſplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (obſerve he was a Dutch man) never dreamt of drinking the ſame wine at the Cape, that the ſame grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that—but undoubtedly

edly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world to know, that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe

in purſuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by ſailing and poſting for that purpoſe; but whether uſeful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery—and even where the adventurer is ſucceſsful, the acquired ſtock muſt be uſed with caution and ſobriety to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiouſly the other way both as to the acquiſition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wiſely, if he could prevail upon himſelf, to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, eſpecially

if

if he lives in a country that has no abſolute want of either—and indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time coſt me, when I have obſerved how many a foul ſtep the inquiſitive Traveller has meaſured to ſee ſights and look into diſcoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança ſaid to Don Quixote, they might have ſeen dry-ſhod at home. It is an age ſo full of light, that there is ſcarce a country or corner of Europe whoſe beams are not croſſed and interchanged with others—Knowledge in moſt of its branches, and in moſt affairs, is like muſic in an Italian ſtreet, whereof thoſe may partake, who pay nothing—But there is no nation under heaven

—and

—and God is my record, (before whoſe tribunal I muſt one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not ſpeak it vauntingly—But there is no nation under heaven abounding with more variety of learning—where the ſciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more ſurely won than here—where art is encouraged, and will ſo ſoon riſe high—where Nature (take her all together) has ſo little to anſwer for—and, to cloſe all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going—

—We are only looking at this chaiſe, ſaid they—Your moſt obe-

dient ſervant, ſaid I, ſkipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering, ſaid one of them, who, I found, was an *inquiſitive traveller* —what could occaſion its motion.—— —'Twas the agitation, ſaid I coolly, of writing a preface—I never heard, ſaid the other, who was a *ſimple traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Deſobligeant*.—It would have been better, ſaid I, in a *Vis a Vis*.

—*As an Engliſh man does not travel to ſee Engliſh men*, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I Perceived that ſomething darken'd the paſſage more than myſelf, as I ſtepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Monſ. Deſſein, the maſter of the hôtel, who had juſt return'd from veſpers, and, with his hat under his arm, was moſt complaiſantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myſelf pretty well out of conceit with the *Deſobligeant*; and Monſ. Deſſein ſpeaking of it, with a ſhrug, as if it would no way ſuit me, it immediately ſtruck my fancy that it belong'd to ſome *innocent traveller*, who, on his

return home, had left it to Monſ. Deſſein's honour to make the moſt of. Four months had elapſed ſince it had finiſh'd its career of Europe in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard; and having ſallied out from thence but a vampt-up buſineſs at the firſt, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures—but by none ſo little as the ſtanding ſo many months unpitied in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be ſaid for it—but ſomething might—and when a few words will reſcue miſery out of her diſtreſs, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now

—Now was I the maſter of this hôtel, ſaid I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monſ. Deſſein's breaſt, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Deſobligeant*—it ſtands ſwinging reproaches at you every time you paſs by it—

Mon Dieu! ſaid Monſ. Deſſein—I have no intereſt—Except the intereſt, ſaid I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monſ. Deſſein, in their own ſenſations—I'm perſuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himſelf, every rainy night, diſguiſe it as you will, muſt caſt a damp upon your ſpirits—You ſuffer, Monſ. Deſſein, as much as the machine—

I have always obſerved, when there is as much *ſour* as *ſweet* in a compliment, that an Engliſhman is eternally at a loſs within himſelf, whether to take it, or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: Monſ. Deſſein made me a bow.

C'eſt bien vrai, ſaid he—But in this caſe I ſhould only exchange one diſquietude for another, and with loſs: figure to yourſelf, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaiſe which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourſelf how much I ſhould ſuffer, in giving an ill impreſſion of myſelf to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I muſt do, *d'un homme d'eſprit*.

The doſe was made up exactly after my own preſcription; ſo I could not help taking it—and returning Monſ. Deſſein his bow, without more caſuiſtry we walk'd together towards his Remiſe, to take a view of his magazine of chaiſes.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT muſt needs be a hoſtile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a ſorry poſt-chaiſe) cannot go forth with the ſeller thereof into the ſtreet to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he inſtantly falls into the ſame frame of mind and views his conventioniſt with the ſame ſort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor ſword's-man, and no way a match for Monſieur *Deſſein*, I felt the rotation of all

all the movements within me, to which the ſituation is incident—I looked at Monſieur *Deſſein* through and through—ey'd him as he walked along in profile—then, *en face*—thought he look'd like a Jew—then a Turk—diſliked his wig—curſed him by my gods—wiſhed him at the devil—

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louisd'ors, which is the moſt I can be overreach'd in?—Baſe paſſion! ſaid I, turning myſelf about, as a man naturally does upon a ſudden reverſe of ſentiment—baſe, ungentle paſſion! thy hand is againſt every man, and

every

every man's hand againſt thee—heaven forbid! ſaid ſhe, raiſing her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had ſeen in conference with the monk—ſhe had followed us unperceived—Heaven forbid indeed! ſaid I, offering her my own—ſhe had a black pair of ſilk gloves open only at the thumb and two forefingers, ſo accepted it without reſerve—and I led her up to the door of the Remiſe.

Monſieur *Deſſein* had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himſelf to have it open'd; and ſo attentive

attentive to the obſtacle, that I continued holding her hand almoſt without knowing it; ſo that Monſieur *Deſſein* left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remiſe, and ſaid he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in ſuch a ſituation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the ſtreet: in the latter caſe, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourſelves. A ſilence of a ſingle moment upon Monſieur *Deſſein*'s leaving

leaving us, had been fatal to the ſituation—ſhe had infallibly turned about—ſo I begun the converſation inſtantly.—

—But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weakneſſes of my heart in this tour, —but to give an account of them)—ſhall be deſcribed with the ſame ſimplicity, with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Deſobligeant*, becauſe I ſaw the monk in cloſe conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much reſtrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suſpicion croſſed my brain, and ſaid, he was telling her what had paſſed: ſomething jarred upon it within me—I wiſhed him at his convent.

When

When the heart flies out before the underſtanding, it ſaves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain ſhe was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface..

The impreſſion returned, upon my encounter with her in the ſtreet; a guarded frankneſs with which ſhe gave me her hand, ſhewed, I thought, her good education and her good ſenſe; and as I led her on, I felt a pleaſurable ductility about her, which ſpread a calmneſs over all my ſpirits—

—Good

—Good God! how a man might lead ſuch a creature as this round the world with him!—

I had not yet ſeen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was inſtantly ſet about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remiſe, *Fancy* had finiſhed the whole head, and pleaſed herſelf as much with its fitting her goddeſs, as if ſhe had dived into the TIBER for it—but thou art a ſeduced, and a ſeducing ſlut; and albeit thou cheateſt us ſeven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with ſo many charms doſt thou do it, and thou deckeſt out thy pictures in the ſhapes of ſo many angels of light, 'tis a ſhame to break with thee.

When

When we had got to the door of the Remiſe, ſhe withdrew her hand from acroſs her forehead, and let me ſee the original—it was a face of about ſix and twenty—of a clear tranſparent brown, ſimply ſet off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handſome, but there was that in it, which in the frame of mind I was in, which attached me much more to it—it was intereſting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that ſtate of its declenſion, which had paſſed the two firſt paroxyſms of ſorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itſelf to its loſs—but a thouſand other diſtreſſes might have traced the ſame lines; I wiſh'd to know

what

what they had been—and was ready to enquire, (had the ſame *bon ton* of converſation permitted, as in the days of Eſdras)—"*What aileth thee? and why art thou diſquieted? and why is thy underſtanding troubled?*"—In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and reſolved ſome way or other to throw in my mite of courteſy—if not of ſervice.

Such were my temptations—and in this diſpoſition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned cloſer to the door of the Remiſe than what was abſolutely neceſſary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! ſaid I, raiſing her hand up a little lightly as I began, muſt be one of Fortune's whimſical doings: to take two utter ſtrangers by their hands—of different ſexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in ſuch a cordial ſituation, as Friendſhip herſelf could ſcarce have atchieved for them, had ſhe projected it for a month—

—And

—And your reflection upon it, ſhews how much, Monſieur, ſhe has embaraſſed you by the adventure.—

When the ſituation is, what we would wiſh, nothing is ſo ill-timed as to hint at the circumſtances which make it ſo: you thank Fortune, continued ſhe—you had reaſon—the heart knew it, and was ſatisfied; and who but an Engliſh philoſopher would have ſent notices of it to the brain to reverſe the judgment?

In ſaying this, ſhe diſengaged her hand with a look which I thought a ſufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miſerable picture which I am going to give of the weakneſs of my heart, by owning, that it ſuffered a pain, which worthier occaſions could not have inflicted.—I was mortified with the loſs of her hand, and the manner in which I had loſt it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a ſheepiſh inferiority ſo miſerably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are ſhort upon theſe diſcomfitures. In a very few ſeconds ſhe laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finiſh her reply; ſo ſome way or other, God knows how, I regained my ſituation.

—She

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different converſation for the lady, thinking from the ſpirit as well as moral of this, that I had been miſtaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the ſpirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muſcles relaxed, and I beheld the ſame unprotected look of diſtreſs which firſt won me to her intereſt—melancholy! to ſee ſuch ſprightlineſs the prey of ſorrow.—I pitied her from my ſoul; and though it may ſeem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cheriſhed her,

though it was in the open ſtreet, without bluſhing.

The pulſations of the arteries along my fingers preſſing acroſs hers, told her what was paſſing within me: ſhe looked down—a ſilence of ſome moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I muſt have made ſome ſlight efforts towards a cloſer compreſſion of her hand, from a ſubtle ſenſation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if ſhe was going to withdraw hers—but, as if ſhe thought about it—and I had infallibly loſt it a ſecond time, had not inſtinct more than reaſon directed me to the laſt reſource

in

in theſe dangers—to hold it looſely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to releaſe it, of myſelf; ſo ſhe let it continue, till Monſieur *Deſſein* returned with the key; and in the mean time I ſet myſelf to conſider how I ſhould undo the ill impreſſions which the poor monk's ſtory, in caſe he had told it her, muſt have planted in her breaſt againſt me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within ſix paces of us, as the idea of him croſs'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he ſhould break in upon us or no.—He ſtopp'd, however, as ſoon as he came up to us, with a world of frankneſs; and having a horn ſnuff-box in his hand, he preſented it open to me—You ſhall taſte mine—ſaid I, pulling out my box (which was a ſmall tortoiſe one) and putting it into his hand—

'Tis

'Tis moſt excellent, ſaid the monk; Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, ſometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once uſed you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk bluſh'd as red as ſcarlet. *Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, preſſing his hands together—you never uſed me unkindly.—I ſhould think, ſaid the lady, he is not likely. I bluſh'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyſe—Excuſe me, Madame, replied I—I treated him moſt unkindly; and from no provocations—'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the lady.—My God!

God! cried the monk, with a warmth of aſſeveration which ſeemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiſcretion of my zeal—the lady oppoſed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impoſſible, that a ſpirit ſo regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered ſo ſweet and pleaſurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained ſilent, without any ſenſation of that fooliſh pain which takes place, when in ſuch a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without ſaying a word. Whilſt this laſted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the ſleeve of his tunick; and

and as ſoon as it had acquired a little air of brightneſs by the friction—he made a low bow, and ſaid, 'twas too late to ſay whether it was the weakneſs or goodneſs of our tempers which had involved us in this conteſt —but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes—In ſaying this, he preſented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiſs'd it—with a ſtream of good nature in his eyes he put it into his boſom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the inſtrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to ſomething better: in truth, I ſeldom go abroad without

without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous ſpirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the juſtlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his ſtory, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon ſome military ſervices ill requited, and meeting at the ſame time with a diſappointment in the tendereſt of paſſions, he abandon'd the ſword and the ſex together, and took ſanctuary, not ſo much in his convent as in himſelf.

I feel a damp upon my ſpirits, as I am going to add, that in my laſt return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard

he

he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cimetiery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it ſo long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without firſt preſſing it to my lips: the blood and ſpirits, which had ſuffer'd a revulſion from her, crouded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers who had ſpoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that criſis to be paſſing by, and obſerving our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we

we muſt be *man and wife* at leaſt; ſo ſtopping as ſoon as they came up to the door of the Remiſe, the one of them, who was the inquiſitive traveller, aſk'd us, if we ſet out for Paris the next morning?—I could only anſwer for myſelf, I ſaid; and the lady added, ſhe was for Amiens.—We dined there yeſterday, ſaid the ſimple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thouſand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of ſnuff—I made them a quiet bow, and wiſhing them a

good paſſage to Dover—they left us alone—

—Now where would be the harm, ſaid I to myſelf, if I was to beg of this diſtreſſed lady to accept of half of my chaiſe?—and what mighty miſchief could enſue?

Every dirty paſſion, and bad propenſity in my nature, took the alarm, as I ſtated the propoſition—It will oblige you to have a third horſe, ſaid AVARICE, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket.—You know not who ſhe is, ſaid CAUTION—or what ſcrapes the affair may draw you into, whiſper'd COWARDICE—

Depend

Depend upon it, Yorick! ſaid DISCRETION, 'twill be ſaid you went off with a miſtreſs, and came by aſſignation to Calais for that purpoſe—

—You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY aloud, ſhew your face in the world—or riſe, quoth MEANNESS, in the church—or be any thing in it, ſaid PRIDE, but a louſy prebendary.

—But 'tis a civil thing, ſaid I—and as I generally act from the firſt impulſe, and therefore ſeldom liſten to theſe cabals, which ſerve no purpoſe, that I know of, but to encompaſs the heart with adamant—I turn'd inſtantly about to the lady—

—But ſhe had glided off unperceived, as the cauſe was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the ſtreet, by the time I had made the determination; ſo I ſet off after her with a long ſtride, to make her the propoſal with the beſt addreſs I was maſter of; but obſerving ſhe walk'd with her cheek half reſting upon the palm of her hand—with the ſlow, ſhort-meaſur'd ſtep of thoughtfulneſs, and with her eyes, as ſhe went ſtep by ſtep, fix'd upon the ground, it ſtruck me, ſhe was trying the ſame cauſe herſelf.—God help her! ſaid I, ſhe has ſome mother-in-law, or tartufiſh aunt, or nonſenſical old woman, to conſult upon the occaſion, as well as myſelf: ſo not car-

ing to interrupt the proceſſe, and deeming it more gallant to take her at diſcretion than by ſurprize, I faced about, and took a ſhort turn or two before the door of the Remiſe, whilſt ſhe walk'd muſing on one ſide.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on firſt ſight of the lady, ſettled the affair in my fancy, "that ſhe was of the better "order of beings"—and then laid it down as a ſecond axiom, as indiſputable as the firſt, That ſhe was a widow, and wore a character of diſtreſs—I went no further; I got ground enough for the ſituation which pleaſed me—and had ſhe remained cloſe beſide my elbow till midnight, I ſhould have held true to my ſyſtem, and conſidered her only under that general idea.

She

She had ſcarce got twenty paces diſtant from me, ere ſomething within me called out for a more particular inquiry—it brought on the idea of a further ſeparation—I might poſſibly never ſee her more—the heart is for ſaving what it can; and I wanted the traces thro' which my wiſhes might find their way to her, in caſe I ſhould never rejoin her myſelf: in a word, I wiſh'd to know her name—her family's—her condition; and as I knew the place to which ſhe was going, I wanted to know from whence ſhe came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence: a hundred little delicacies ſtood in the way. I form'd a ſcore different plans—There was

no ſuch thing as a man's aſking her directly—the thing was impoſſible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the ſtreet, ſhewed me, it was the eaſieſt thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, juſt as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remiſe, he introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to preſent him to the lady—I had not been preſented myſelf—ſo turning about to her, he did it juſt as well by aſking her, if ſhe had come from Paris?—No: ſhe was going that rout, ſhe ſaid.—*Vous n'etez pas de Londre?*—She was not, ſhe replied.

—Then

—Then Madame muſt have come thro' Flanders.—*Apparamment vous etez Flammande?* ſaid the French captain.—The lady anſwered, ſhe was.—*Peutetre, de Liſle?* added he—She ſaid, ſhe was not of Liſle.—Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—nor Bruſſels? She anſwered, ſhe was of Bruſſels.

He had had the honour, he ſaid, to be at the bombardment of it laſt war—that it was finely ſituated, *pour cela*—and full of nobleſſe when the Imperialiſts were driven out by the French (the lady made a ſlight curtſy)—ſo giving her an account of the affair, and of the ſhare he had had in

it—he begg'd the honour to know her name—ſo made his bow.

—*Et Madame a ſon Mari?*—ſaid he, looking back when he had made two ſteps—and without ſtaying for an anſwer—danced down the ſtreet.

Had I ſerved ſeven years apprenticeſhip to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Monſ. Deſſein came up with the key of the Remiſe in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaiſes.

The firſt object which caught my eye, as Monſ. Deſſein open'd the door of the Remiſe, was another old tatter'd *Deſobligeant:* and notwithſtanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy ſo much in the coach-yard but an hour before —the very ſight of it ſtirr'd up a diſagreeable

diſagreeable ſenſation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churliſh beaſt into whoſe heart the idea could firſt enter, to conſtruct ſuch a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of uſing it.

I obſerved the lady was as little taken with it as myſelf: ſo Monſ. Deſſein led us on to a couple of chaiſes which ſtood abreaſt, telling us as he recommended them, that they had been purchaſed by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, ſo were in all reſpects as good as new—They were too good—ſo I paſs'd on to a third, which ſtood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price

price—But 'twill ſcarce hold two, ſaid I, opening the door and getting in—Have the goodneſs, Madam, ſaid Monſ. Deſſein, offering his arm, to ſtep in—The lady heſitated half a ſecond, and ſtepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to ſpeak to Monſ. Deſſein, he ſhut the door of the chaiſe upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, ſaid the lady ſmiling, from the reflection that this was the ſecond time we had been left together by a parcel of nonſenſical contingencies—*c'eſt bien comique*, ſaid ſhe—

—There wants nothing, ſaid I, to make it ſo, but the comick uſe which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—to make love the firſt moment, and an offer of his perſon the ſecond.

'Tis

'Tis their *fort*: replied the lady.

It is ſuppoſed ſo at leaſt—and how it has come to paſs, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of underſtanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worſt ſet of markſmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *ſentiments!*

I ſhould as ſoon think of making a genteel ſuit of cloaths out of remnants:—and to do it—pop—at firſt ſight by declaration—is ſubmitting

the offer and themſelves with it, to be ſifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if ſhe expected I ſhould go on.

Conſider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers—

That grave people hate Love for the name's ſake—

That ſelfiſh people hate it for their own—

Hypocrites for heaven's—

And that all of us both old and young, being ten times worſe frighten'd

frighten'd than hurt by the very *report*—What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at leaſt after the time, that his ſilence upon it becomes tormenting. A courſe of ſmall, quiet attentions, not ſo pointed as to alarm—nor ſo vague as to be miſunderſtood,—with now and then a look of kindneſs, and little or nothing ſaid upon it—leaves Nature for your miſtreſs, and ſhe faſhions it to her mind.—

Then I ſolemnly declare, ſaid the lady, bluſhing—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR *Deſſein* came back to let us out of the chaiſe, and acquaint the lady, the Count de L——— her brother was juſt arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good will for the lady, I cannot ſay, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event—and could not help telling her ſo—for it is fatal to a propoſal, Madam, ſaid I, that I was going to make you—

—You need not tell me what the propoſal was, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand

hand upon both mine, as ſhe interrupted me.—A man, my good Sir, has ſeldom an offer of kindneſs to make to a woman, but ſhe has a preſentiment of it ſome moments before—

Nature arms her with it, ſaid I, for immediate preſervation—But I think, ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend—and to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(ſhe ſtopped a moment)—I believe your good will would have drawn a ſtory from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In ſaying this, ſhe ſuffered me to kiſs her hand twice, and with a look of ſenſibility mixed with a concern ſhe got out of the chaiſe—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finiſhed a twelve-guinea bargain ſo expeditiouſly in my life: my time ſeemed heavy upon the loſs of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myſelf into motion —I ordered poſt horſes directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! ſaid I, hearing the town clock ſtrike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a ſingle hour in Calais—

—What a large volume of adventures may be graſped within this little ſpan of life by him who intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to ſee, what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, miſſes nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on.—

—If this won't turn out ſomething —another will—no matter—'tis an aſſay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleaſure of the experiment has kept my ſenſes, and the beſt part of my blood awake, and laid the groſs to ſleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, and cry, 'Tis all barren—and ſo it is; and ſo is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, ſaid I, clapping my hands chearily together, that was I in a deſart, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could not do better, I would faſten them upon ſome ſweet myrtle, or ſeek ſome melancholy cypreſs to connect myſelf to—I would court their ſhade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and ſwear they were the loveliest trees throughout the deſert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach

myſelf to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and ſo on—but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice, and every object he paſs'd by was diſcoloured or diſtorted—He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miſerable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was juſt coming out of it—*'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit**, ſaid he—I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus

* Vide S——'s Travels.

of

of Medicis, replied I—for in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and uſed her worſe than a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures had he to tell, "wherein he ſpoke of "moving accidents by flood and field, "and of the cannibals which each "other eat: the Anthropophagi"—he had been flea'd alive, and bedevil'd, and uſed worſe than St. Bartholomew, at every ſtage he had come at—

—I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, ſaid I, to your phyſician.

Mundungus, with an immenſe fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dreſden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleaſurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travell'd ſtraight on looking neither to his right hand or his left, leſt Love or Pity ſhould ſeduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itſelf, was it poſſible to get there with ſuch tempers, would

would want objects to give it—every gentle ſpirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival—Nothing would the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but freſh anthems of joy, freſh raptures of love, and freſh congratulations of their common felicity—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happieſt manſion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be ſo far from being happy, that the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once loſt my portmanteau from behind my chaiſe, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the poſtilion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting—Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's aſking me if I wanted not a ſervant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A ſervant! That I do moſt ſadly, quoth I—Becauſe, Monſieur, ſaid the landlord, there is a clever young fellow,

low, who would be very proud of the honour to ſerve an Engliſhman—But why an Engliſh one, more than any other?—They are ſo generous, ſaid the landlord—I'll be ſhot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myſelf, this very night—But they have wherewithal to be ſo, Monſieur, added he—Set down one livre more for that, quoth I—It was but laſt night, ſaid the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois preſentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre—Tant pis, pour Madlle Janatone*, ſaid I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord ſuppoſing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I ſhould not

not have ſaid *tant pis*—but, *tant mieux*. *Tant mieux*, *toujours*, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, when there is any thing to be got—*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the ſame thing, ſaid I. *Pardonnez moi*, ſaid the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to obſerve once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French converſation, a ſtranger would do well to ſet himſelf right in the uſe of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis at our ambaſſador's table demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet?

No,

No, ſaid H—— mildly—*Tant pis* replied the Marquis.

It is H—— the hiſtorian, ſaid another—*Tant mieux*, ſaid the Marquis. And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had ſet me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had ſpoke of—ſaying only firſt, That as for his talents, he would preſume to ſay nothing—Monſieur was the beſt judge what would ſuit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would ſtand reſponſible in all he was worth.

The

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which inſtantly ſet my mind to the buſineſs I was upon—and La Fleur, who ſtood waiting without, in that breathleſs expectation which every ſon of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at firſt ſight; but never more ſo, than when a poor devil comes to offer his ſervice to ſo poor a devil as myſelf; and as I know this weakneſs, I always ſuffer my judgment to draw back ſomething on that very account—and this more or leſs, according to the mood I am in, and the caſe—and I may add the gender too, of the perſon I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every diſcount I could make for my ſoul, the genuine look and air of

the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; ſo I hired him firſt—and then began to inquire what he could do: But I ſhall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them—beſides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't ſay my weakneſs was ever ſo inſulted by my wiſdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had ſet out early in life, as gallantly as moſt Frenchmen do, with *ſerving* for a few years; at the end

of which, having ſatisfied the ſentiment, and found moreover, That the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him—he retired *a ſes terres*, and lived *comme il plaiſoit a Dieu*—that is to ſay, upon nothing.

—And ſo, quoth *Wiſdome*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of your's thro' France and Italy! Pſha! ſaid I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voiage* the ſame round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay beſides? When man can extricate himſelf with

an *equivoque* in ſuch an unequal match —he is not ill of—But you can do ſomething elſe, La Fleur? ſaid I——*O qu'oui!*—he could make ſpatterdaſhes, and play a little upon the fiddle—Bravo! ſaid Wiſdome—Why, I play a baſs myſelf, ſaid I—we ſhall do very well.—You can ſhave, and dreſs a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the diſpoſitions in the world—It is enough for heaven! ſaid I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me—So ſupper coming in, and having a friſky Engliſh ſpaniel on one ſide of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was

ſatisfied

ſatisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as ſatisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the ſtage, I muſt intereſt the reader a little further in his behalf, by ſaying, that I had never leſs reaſon to repent of the impulſes which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, ſimple ſoul as ever trudged after the heels of a philoſopher; and notwithſtanding his talents of drum-beating and ſpatterdaſh-making, which, tho' very good in themſelves, happen'd to be of no great ſervice to me, yet

was I hourly recompenced by the feſtivity of his temper—it ſupplied all defects—I had a conſtant reſource in his looks in all difficulties and diſtreſſes of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger or thirſt, or cold or nakedneſs, or watchings, or whatever ſtripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his phyſiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the ſame; ſo that if I am a piece of a philoſopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philoſophy

of this poor fellow, for ſhaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a ſmall caſt of the coxcomb—but he ſeemed at firſt ſight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he ſeemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau with an inventory of my half a dozen ſhirts and ſilk pair of breeches; and bid him faſten all upon the chaiſe—get the horſes put to—and deſire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'eſt un garçon de bonne fortune, ſaid the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were moſt kindly taking their leave of him, as the poſtilion was leading out the horſes. La Fleur

kiſſed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promiſed he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, ſaid the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is ſcarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is "always in love."—I am heartily glad of it, ſaid I,—'twill ſave me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In ſaying this, I was making not ſo much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princeſs or another almoſt all my life, and I hope

hope I ſhall go on ſo, till I die, being firmly perſuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it muſt be in ſome interval betwixt one paſſion and another: whilſt this interregnum laſts, I always perceive my heart locked up—I can ſcarce find in it, to give Miſery a ſixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as faſt as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generoſity and good will again; and would do any thing in the world either for, or with any one, if they will but ſatisfy me there is no ſin in it.

—But in ſaying this—ſurely I am commending the paſſion—not myſelf.

A FRAGMENT.

——THE town of Abdera, notwithſtanding Democritus lived there trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vileſt and moſt profligate town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies and aſſaſſinations—libels, paſquinades and tumults, there was no going there by day—'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at the worſt, it came to paſs, that the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted with it: but of all the

paſſages

paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender ſtrokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus,

O Cupid, prince of God and men, &c.

Every man almoſt ſpoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perſeus his pathetic addreſs—" O Cupid! prince of God " and men"—in every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe—" O Cupid! " Cupid!"—in every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody which drops from it whether it will or no—nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! " prince of God and men"—The fire caught—and the whole city, like the

the heart of one man, open'd itſelf to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of helebore—not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death—Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſs'd each other in the ſtreet—the golden age return'd, and hung o'er the town of Abdera—every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtly ſat her down and liſten'd to the ſong—

'Twas only in the power, ſays the Fragment, of the God whoſe empire extendeth

extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is diſputed and paid for in the inn, unleſs you are a little ſour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaiſe; and that is with the ſons and daughters of poverty, who ſurround you. Let no man ſay, "let them "go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables, and they have had ſufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle travel-

ler to do ſo likewiſe; he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them—they will be regiſter'd elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few that I know have ſo little to give: but as this was the firſt publick act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! ſaid I. I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd ſoul without a ſhirt on inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring

retiring two ſteps out of the circle, and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment of a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt heaven! for what wiſe reaſons haſt thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this?

—I inſiſted upon preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh briſk fellow, who ſtood over-againſt me in the circle, putting ſomething firſt under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and generouſly offer'd a pinch on both ſides of him: it was a gift of conſequence, and modeſtly declined —The poor little fellow preſs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeneſs —*Prenez en—prenez*, ſaid he, looking another way; ſo they each took a pinch—Pity thy box ſhould ever want one! ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a couple of ſous into it—taking a ſmall pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it—He felt the weight of the ſecond obligation more than that of the firſt—'twas

doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the ſervice—here's a couple of ſous for thee—*Vive le Roi!* ſaid the old ſoldier.

I had then but three ſous left: ſo I gave one, ſimply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a diſlocated hip; ſo it could not be well, upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Monſieur—There's no oppoſing this, ſaid I.

My Lord Anglois—the very ſound was worth the money—ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it.* But in the eagerneſs of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to aſk a ſous for him, and who, I believed, would have periſh'd, ere he could have aſk'd one for himſelf: he ſtood by the chaiſe a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had ſeen better days—Good God! ſaid I—and I have not one ſingle ſous left to give him—But you have a thouſand! cried all the powers of nature, ſtirring within me—ſo I gave him—no matter what—I am

aſhamed to ſay *how much*, now—and was aſhamed to think, how little, then: ſo if the reader can form any conjecture of my diſpoſition, as theſe two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the preciſe ſum.

I could afford nothing for the reſt, but, *Dieu vous beniſſe*—*Et le bon Dieu vous beniſſe encore*—ſaid the old ſoldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could ſay nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING ſettled all theſe little matters, I got into my poſt-chaiſe with more eaſe than ever I got into a poſt-chaiſe in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far ſide of a little *bidet**, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.—

—But what is happineſs! what is grandeur in this painted ſcene of life! A dead aſs, before we had got a league, put a ſudden ſtop to La Fleur's career—his bidet would not

* Poſt horſe.

paſs by it—a contention aroſe betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very firſt kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French chriſtian, ſaying neither more or leſs upon it, than, Diable! ſo preſently got up and came to the charge again aſtride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one ſide of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way, and in ſhort every way but by the dead aſs.—La Fleur inſiſted upon the thing—and the bidet threw him.

What's

What's the matter, La Fleur, ſaid I, with this bidet of thine?—*Monſieur*, ſaid he, *c'eſt un cheval le plus opiniatré du monde*—Nay, if he is a conceited beaſt, he muſt go his own way, replied I—ſo La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good ſound laſh, the bidet took me at my word, and away he ſcamper'd back to Montriul.—*Peſte!* ſaid La Fleur.

It is not *mal a propos* to take notice here, that tho' La Fleur availed himſelf but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, *Diable!* and *Peſte!* that there are nevertheleſs three, in the French language; like the poſitive, comparative, and ſuperlative, one or

the other of which ſerve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the firſt, and poſitive degree, is generally uſed upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where ſmall things only fall out contrary to your expectations—ſuch as—the throwing once doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horſe, and ſo forth—cuckoldom, for the ſame reaſon, is always—*Le Diable!*

But in caſes where the caſt has ſomething provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the ſecond degree.

'Tis

'Tis then *Peſte!*

And for the third—

—But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miſeries muſt have been their lot, and how bitterly ſo refined a people muſt have ſmarted, to have forced them upon the uſe of it.—

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in diſtreſs!—whatever is my *caſt*, Grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

—But as theſe were not to be had in France, I reſolved to take every evil

evil juſt as it befell me without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no ſuch covenant with himſelf, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of ſight—and then, you may imagine, if you pleaſe, with what word he cloſed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horſe in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaiſe, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the poſt-houſe at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet—and this, ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead in the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation

mentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſome time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle—looked wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongſt

amongſt the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready; as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

—He ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeem'd deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having in one week loſt two of the eldeſt of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt

youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alſo, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He ſaid, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every

Every body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern——La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner ſaid, he did not want it—it was not the value of the aſs—but the loſs of him.—The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured loved him—and upon this told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt in the loſs of thy poor beaſt; I'm ſure thou haſt been a mer-

ciful maſter to him.—Alas! ſaid the mourner, I thought ſo, when he was alive—but now that he is dead I think otherwiſe.—I fear the weight of myſelf and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for.—Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf—Did we love each other, as this poor ſoul but loved his aſs—'twould be ſomething.—

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's ſtory threw me into, required ſome attention: the poſtillion paid not the leaſt to it, but ſet off upon the *pavè* in a full gallop.

The thirſtieſt ſoul in the moſt ſandy deſert of Arabia could not have wiſhed more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I ſhould have had an high opinion of the poſtillion had he but ſtolen off with me in ſomething like a penſive pace.—On the

contrary, as the mourner finiſhed his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling laſh to each of his beaſts, and ſet off clattering like a thouſand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's ſake to go ſlower—and the louder I called the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too—ſaid I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a fooliſh paſſion, and then he'll go ſlow, that I may enjoy the ſweets of it.

The poſtillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got

to the foot of a ſteep hill about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myſelf, for being ſo.

My caſe then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real ſervice to me.—

—Then, prithee get on—get on, my good lad, ſaid I.

The poſtillion pointed to the hill—I then tried to return back to the ſtory of the poor German and his aſs—but I had broke the clue—and could no more get into it again, than the poſtillion could into a trot.—

—The deuce go, ſaid I, with it all! Here am I ſitting as candidly diſpoſed to make the beſt of the worſt, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one ſweet lenitive at leaſt for evils, which nature holds out to us; ſo I took it kindly at her hands, and fell aſleep; and the firſt word which rouſed me was *Amiens*.

—Bleſs me! ſaid I, rubbing my eyes—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were ſcarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***'s poſt-chaiſe, with his ſiſter in it, drove haſtily by: ſhe had juſt time to make me a bow of recognition—and of that particular kind of it, which told me ſhe had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finiſhed my ſupper, her brother's ſervant came into the room with a billet, in which ſhe ſaid, ſhe had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to preſent myſelf to Madame R*** the firſt

morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, ſhe was ſorry, but from what *penchant* ſhe had not conſidered, that ſhe had been prevented telling me her ſtory—that ſhe ſtill owed it me; and if my rout ſhould ever lay through Bruſſels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***—that Madame de L*** would be glad to diſcharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! at Bruſſels—'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the rout of Flanders, home—'twill ſcarce be ten poſts out of my way; but were it ten thouſand! with what a moral delight will

it

it crown my journey, in ſharing in the ſickening incidents of a tale of miſery told to me by ſuch a ſufferer? to ſee her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquiſite ſenſation is there ſtill left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the firſt and faireſt of women, as I'm ſitting with my handkerchief in my hand in ſilence the whole night beſides her.

There was nothing wrong in the ſentiment; and yet I inſtantly reproached my heart with it in the bittereſt and moſt reprobate of expreſſions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the ſingular bleſſings of my life, to be almoſt every hour of it miſerably in love with ſome one; and my laſt flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealouſy on the ſudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afreſh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before—ſwearing as I did it, that it ſhould laſt me through the whole journey—Why ſhould I diſſemble the matter? I had ſworn to her eternal fidelity—ſhe had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to leſſen them—to expoſe them, was to riſk them: where there is riſk, there may be loſs:—and what wilt thou

thou have, Yorick! to anſwer to a heart ſo full of truſt and confidence —ſo good, ſo gentle and unreproaching?

—I will not go to Bruſſels, replied I, interrupting myſelf—but my imagination went on—I recall'd her looks at that criſis of our ſeparation when neither of us had power to ſay Adieu! I look'd at the picture ſhe had tied in a black ribband about my neck—and bluſh'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the world to have kiſs'd it, —but was aſhamed—And ſhall this tender flower, ſaid I, preſſing it between my hands—ſhall it be ſmitten to its very root—and ſmitten, Yorick!

by

by thee, who haſt promiſed to ſhelter it in thy breaſt?

Eternal fountain of happineſs! ſaid I, kneeling down upon the ground—be thou my witneſs—and every pure ſpirit which taſtes it, be my witneſs alſo, That I would not travel to Bruſſels, unleſs Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In tranſports of this kind, the heart, in ſpite of the underſtanding, will always ſay too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not ſmiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unſucceſsful in his feats of chivalry —and not one thing had offer'd to ſignalize his zeal for my ſervice from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almoſt four and twenty hours. The poor ſoul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s ſervant's coming with the letter, being the firſt practicable occaſion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his maſter,

maſter, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the beſt wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s ſervant in return, and not to be behind hand in politeneſs with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hôtel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a paſſport in his very looks) ſoon ſet every ſervant in the kitchen at eaſe with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no ſort of prudery in ſhewing them, La Fleur, in leſs than five minutes, had pull'd out his fife, and leading off the dance himſelf with the firſt note, ſet the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the

the ſcullion, and all the houſhold, dogs and cats, beſides an old monkey, a dancing: I ſuppoſe there never was a merrier kitchen ſince the flood.

Madame de L***, in paſſing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing ſo much jollity below ſtairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to aſk about it; and hearing it was the Engliſh gentleman's ſervant who had ſet the whole houſe merry with his pipe, ſhe order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not preſent himſelf empty, he had loaden'd himſelf in going up ſtairs with a thouſand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his maſter—

added

added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health—told her, that Monſieur his maſter was *au deſeſpoire* for her re-eſtabliſhment from the fatigues of her journey—and, to cloſe all, that Monſieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour ——And he has done me the honour, ſaid Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to ſend a billet in return.

Madame de L*** had ſaid this with ſuch a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to diſappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour—and poſſibly might not altogether be unconcerned

cerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a maſter who could be a wanting *en egards vis a vis d'une femme*; ſo that when Madame de L*** aſked La Fleur if he had brought a letter—*O qu'oui*, ſaid La Fleur: ſo laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right ſide pocket with his left hand, he began to ſearch for the letter with his right—then contrary-wiſe—*Diable!*—then ſought every pocket—pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob—*Peſte!*—then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor—pulled out a dirty cravat—a handkerchief—a comb—a whip laſh—a night-cap—then gave a peep into

into his hat—*Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had juſt finiſhed my ſupper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole ſtory ſimply as it was; and only added, that if Monſieur had forgot *(par hazard)* to anſwer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether ſure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had—a devil

himſelf could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have miſtook the road—or embarraſſed me in ſo doing—his heart was in no fault—I was under no neceſſity to write—and what weighed more than all—he did not look as if he had done amiſs.

—'Tis all very well, La Fleur, ſaid I.—'Twas ſufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightening, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them cloſe before me, with ſuch a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to ſay, and that nothing might have been expreſs'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way pleaſe myſelf.

In ſhort, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur ſtepp'd out and brought a little water in a glaſs to dilute my ink—then fetch'd ſand and ſeal-wax —It was all one: I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again—*Le Diable l'emporte!* ſaid I half to myſelf—I cannot write this ſelf-ſame letter; throwing the pen down deſpairingly as I ſaid it.

As

As ſoon as I had caſt down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the moſt reſpectful carriage up to the table, and making a thouſand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durſt ſay, would ſuit the occaſion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour—Then prithee, ſaid I, let me ſee it.

La Fleur inſtantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of ſmall letters and billet-doux in a ſad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the ſtring

which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in queſtion—*La voila!* ſaid he, clapping his hands: ſo unfolding it firſt, he laid it before me, and retired three ſteps from the table whilſt I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE ſuis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au deſeſpoir par ce retour imprevû du Corporal qui rend notre entrevue de ce ſoir la choſe du monde la plus impoſſible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne ſera de penſer a vous.

L'amour n'eſt *rien* ſans ſentiment.

Et le ſentiment eſt encore *moins* ſans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais ſe deſeſperer.

On dit auſſi que Monſieur le Corporal monte la garde Mecredi : alors ce ſera mon tour.

Chacun a ſon tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je ſuis, MADAME,
Avec toutes les ſentiments les plus reſpecteux et les plus tendres tout a vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count—and ſaying nothing about mounting guard on Wedneſday—and the letter was neither right or wrong—ſo to gratify the poor fellow, who ſtood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way—I ſeal'd it up and ſent him with it to Madame de L***—and the next morning we purſued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can conteſt the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in ſuch a place as Paris—he may drive in at which end of a ſtreet he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whoſe whole infantry does not exceed a ſingle man, had beſt quit the field; and ſignalize himſelf in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I ſay *up into it*—for there is no deſcending perpendicular amongſt 'em with a "*Me voici!*

"*mes*

"*mes enfans*"—here I am—whatever many may think.

I own my firſt ſenſations, as ſoon as I was left ſolitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being ſo flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my duſty black coat, and looking through the glaſs ſaw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleaſure.—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had loſt their vizards—the young in armour bright which ſhone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the eaſt—all—all tilting at it like faſcinated

faſcinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.—

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very firſt onſet of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom—ſeek—ſeek ſome winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau ſhot its rays—there thou mayeſt ſolace thy ſoul in converſe ſweet with ſome kind *griſſet* of a barber's wife, and get into ſuch coteries!—

—May I periſh! if I do, ſaid I, pulling out the letter which I had to preſent to Madame de R***.—I'll wait

wait upon this lady, the very firſt thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go ſeek me a barber directly—and come back and bruſh my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend! ſaid I, this buckle won't ſtand.—You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will ſtand—

What a great ſcale is every thing upon in this city! thought I—The utmoſt

utmoſt ſtretch of an Engliſh periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into "a pail of water"—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confeſs I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally ſo ſtruck with the great works of nature, that for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a compariſon leſs than a mountain at leaſt. All that can be ſaid againſt the French ſublime in this inſtance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*; and *leſs* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vaſt ideas; but

but Paris being ſo far inland, it was not likely I ſhould run poſt a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment——the Pariſian barber meant nothing.—

The pail of water ſtanding befides the great deep, makes certainly but a ſorry figure in ſpeech—but 'twill be ſaid—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a ſingle moment.

In honeſt truth, and upon a more candid reviſion of the matter, *The French expreſſion profeſſes more than it performs.*

I think

I think I can ſee the preciſe and diſtinguiſhing marks of national characters more in theſe nonſenſical *minutiæ*, than in the moſt important matters of ſtate; where great men of all nations talk and ſtalk ſo much alike, that I would not give ninepence to chuſe amongſt them.

I was ſo long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late of thinking of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dreſſed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account, ſo taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene where I lodged, I walked

walked forth without any determination where to go—I ſhall conſider of that, ſaid I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL ye ſmall ſweet courteſies of life, for ſmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at firſt ſight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the ſtranger in.

—Pray, Madame, ſaid I, have the goodneſs to tell me which way I muſt turn to go to the Opera comique:—Moſt willingly, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, laying aſide her work—

I had given a caſt with my eye into half a dozen ſhops as I came

along in ſearch of a face not likely to be diſordered by ſuch an interruption; till at laſt, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as ſhe ſat in a low chair on the far ſide of the ſhop facing the door—

—*Tres volontiers*; moſt willingly, ſaid ſhe, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and riſing up from the low chair ſhe was ſitting in, with ſo chearful a movement and ſo chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I ſhould have ſaid—"This woman is "grateful."

You

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take—you muſt turn firſt to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be ſo good as to take the ſecond—then go down a little way and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you muſt croſs—and there, any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhew you—

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me with the ſame good natur'd patience the third time

as the firſt;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out—ſhe ſeem'd really intereſted, that I ſhould not loſe myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt griſſet, I think, I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door; before I found I had forgot every

every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid—ſo looking back, and ſeeing her ſtill ſtanding in the door of the ſhop as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to aſk her whether the firſt turn was to my right or left—for that I had abſolutely forgot.—Is it poſſible! ſaid ſhe, half laughing.—'Tis very poſſible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—ſhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a ſlight courteſy.

—*Attendez!* ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilſt ſhe called a lad out of the

back-ſhop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am juſt going to ſend him, ſaid ſhe, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaiſance to ſtep in, it will be ready in a moment, and he ſhall attend you to the place.—So I walk'd in with her to the far ſide of the ſhop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which ſhe laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to ſit, ſhe ſat down herſelf in her low chair, and I inſtantly ſat myſelf down beſides her.

—He will be ready, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, in a moment—And in that moment, replied I, moſt willingly would I ſay ſomething very civil to you for

all

all theſe courteſies. Any one may do a caſual act of good nature, but a continuation of them ſhews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the ſame blood which comes from the heart, which deſcends to the extremes (touching her wriſt) I am ſure you muſt have one of the beſt pulſes of any woman in the world—Feel it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery—

—Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadſt paſſed by, and beheld me ſitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-ſical manner,

counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever—How wouldſt thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profeſſion?—and thou ſhouldſt have laugh'd and moralized on—Truſt me, my dear Eugenius, I ſhould have ſaid, "there "are worſe occupations in this world "*than feeling a woman's pulſe.*"—But a Griſſet's! thou wouldſt have ſaid—and in an open ſhop! Yorick—

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her huſband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the ſhop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—'Twas no body but her huſband, ſhe ſaid—ſo I began a freſh ſcore—Monſieur is ſo good, quoth ſhe, as he paſs'd by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe—The huſband took off his hat, and making me a bow, ſaid, I did him too much honour—and having

ing ſaid that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out—and can this man be the huſband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In London a ſhopkeeper and a ſhopkeeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one fleſh: in the ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it, ſo as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In

In Paris, there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the huſband, he ſeldom comes there—in ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commerceleſs in his thrum night-cap, the ſame rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *ſalique*, having ceded this department, with ſundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes from morning to night, like ſo many rough pebbles ſhook long together in a bag,

bag, by amicable colliſions, they have worn down their aſperities and ſharp angles, and not only become round and ſmooth, but will receive, ſome of them, a poliſh like a brilliant—Monſieur *le Mari* is little better than the ſtone under your feet—

—Surely—ſurely man! it is not good for thee to ſit alone—thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe.—With all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her

her eyes, that I expected—She was going to ſay ſomething civil in return—but the lad came into the ſhop with the gloves—*A propos*, ſaid I; I want a couple of pair myſelf.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Griſſet roſe up when I ſaid this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the ſide over-againſt her: they were all too large. The beautiful Griſſet meaſured them one by one acroſs my hand—It would not alter the dimenſions—She begg'd I would try a ſingle pair, which ſeemed to be the leaſt—She held it open—my hand ſlipp'd into it at once—It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking

ſhaking my head a little—No, ſaid ſhe, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtlety—where whim, and ſenſe, and ſerioufneſs, and nonſenſe, are ſo blended, that all the languages of Babel ſet looſe together could not expreſs them—they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infecter. I leave it to your men of words to ſwell pages about it—it is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do; ſo folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Griſſet look'd ſometimes at the gloves, then ſide-ways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not diſpoſed to break ſilence—I follow'd her example: ſo I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and ſo on alternately.

I found I loſt conſiderably in every attack—ſhe had a quick black eye, and ſhot through two ſuch long and ſilken eye-laſhes with ſuch penetration, that ſhe look'd into my very heart and reins—It may ſeem ſtrange, but I could actually feel ſhe did—

—It

—It is no matter, ſaid I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket,

I was ſenſible the beautiful Griſſet had not aſk'd above a ſingle livre above the price—I wiſh'd ſhe had aſk'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about—Do you think, my dear Sir, ſaid ſhe, miſtaking my embarraſſment, that I could aſk a *ſous* too much of a ſtranger—and of a ſtranger whoſe politeneſs, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himſelf at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, ſaid I; and if you were, you are welcome—

So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a ſhopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was no body in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only becauſe I honour the man whoſe manners are ſoftened by a profeſſion which makes bad men worſe; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why ſhould I not reſcue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the deareſt of my flock and friends, whoſe philanthropy I never

think of at this long diſtance from his death—but my eyes guſh out with tears. For his ſake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and ſo I ſtrode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myſelf beſide him.

The old officer was reading attentively a ſmall pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of ſpectacles. As ſoon as I ſat down, he took his ſpectacles off, and putting them into a ſhagreen caſe, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half roſe up, and made him a bow.

Tranſlate

Tranſlate this into any civilized language in the world—the ſenſe is this:

"Here's a poor ſtranger come in
"to the box—he ſeems as if he knew
"no body; and is never likely,
"was he to be ſeven years in Paris,
"if every man he comes near keeps
"his ſpectacles upon his noſe—'tis
"ſhutting the door of converſation
"abſolutely in his face—and uſing
"him worſe than a German."

The French officer might as well have ſaid it all aloud; and if he had, I ſhould in courſe have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was ſenſible of his at-

" tention, and return'd him a thou-
" ſand thanks for it."

There is not a ſecret ſo aiding to the progreſs of ſociality, as to get maſter of this *ſhort hand*, and be quick in rendering the ſeveral turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it ſo mechanically, that when I walk the ſtreets of London, I go tranſlating all the way; and have more than once ſtood behind in the circle, where not three words have been ſaid, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and ſworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was juſt entering the door of the hall, when the Marqueſina di F*** was coming out in a ſort of a hurry—ſhe was almoſt upon me before I ſaw her; ſo I gave a ſpring to one ſide to let her paſs—She had done the ſame, and on the ſame ſide too; ſo we ran our heads together: ſhe inſtantly got to the other ſide to get out: I was juſt as unfortunate as ſhe had been; for I had ſprung to that ſide, and oppoſed her paſſage again—We both flew together to the other ſide, and then back—and ſo on—it was ridiculous; we both bluſh'd intolerably; ſo I did at laſt the thing I ſhould have

done at firſt—I ſtood ſtock ſtill, and the Marqueſina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her ſo much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the paſſage—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather ſide-ways, as if ſhe would make room for any one coming up ſtairs to paſs her—No, ſaid I—that's a vile tranſlation: the Marqueſina has a right to the beſt apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in—ſo I ran and begg'd pardon for the embaraſſment I had given her, ſaying it was my intention to have made her way. She anſwered, ſhe

was

was guided by the ſame intention towards me—ſo we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the ſtairs; and ſeeing no *chicheſbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—ſo we went down the ſtairs, ſtopping at every third ſtep to talk of the concert and the adventure—Upon my word, Madame, ſaid I when I had handed her in, I made ſix different efforts to let you go out—And I made ſix efforts, replied ſhe, to let you enter—I wiſh to heaven you would make a ſeventh, ſaid I—With all my heart, ſaid ſhe, making room—Life is too ſhort to be long about the forms of it—ſo I inſtantly ſtepp'd in, and ſhe carried me home with her—And

what

what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I ſuppoſe, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which aroſe out of that tranſlation, gave me more pleaſure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; ſo that being pretty much unprepoſſeſſed, there muſt have been grounds for what ſtruck me the moment I caſt my eyes over the *parterre*—and that was, the unaccountable ſport of nature in forming ſuch numbers of dwarfs—No doubt, ſhe ſports at certain times in almoſt every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no

end

end to her amuſements—The goddeſs ſeems almoſt as merry as ſhe is wiſe.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I meaſured every body I ſaw walking in the ſtreets by it—Melancholy application! eſpecially where the ſize was extremely little—the face extremely dark—the eyes quick—the noſe long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to ſee ſo many miſerables, by force of accidents driven out of their own proper claſs into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down—every third man a pigmy!—ſome by ricketty heads and hump backs—

others

others by bandy legs—a third ſet arreſted by the hand of Nature in the ſixth and ſeventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural ſtate, like dwarf apple-trees; from the firſt rudiments and ſtamina of their exiſtence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might ſay, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a ſplenetic one, to want of air—and an inquiſitive traveller, to fortify the ſyſtem, may meaſure the height of their houſes—the narrowneſs of their ſtreets, and in how few feet ſquare in the ſixth and ſeventh ſtories ſuch numbers of the *Bourgoiſie* eat and ſleep together;

together; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body elſe, in ſpeaking one evening of theſe matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increaſed almoſt to any ſize, provided they came right into the world; but the miſery was, the citizens of Paris were ſo coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, ſaid he—'tis getting nothing—Nay, continued he, riſing in his argument, 'tis getting worſe than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five and twenty years of the tendereſt care and moſt nutritious aliment beſtowed upon

on it, ſhall not at laſt be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very ſhort, there could be nothing more ſaid upon it.

As this is not a work of reaſoning, I leave the ſolution as I found it, and content myſelf with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carouſal to the Palais Royal, and obſerving a little boy in ſome diſtreſs at the ſide of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—

forty—Never mind, ſaid I; ſome good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel ſome little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my ſpecies, who have neither ſize or ſtrength to get on in the world—I cannot bear to ſee one of them trod upon; and had ſcarce got ſeated beſide my old French officer, ere the diſguſt was exerciſed, by ſeeing the very thing happen under the box we ſat in.

At the end of the orcheſtra, and betwixt that and the firſt ſide-box, there

there is a ſmall eſplanade left, where, when the houſe is full, numbers of all ranks take ſanctuary. Though you ſtand, as in the parterre, you pay the ſame price as in the orcheſtra. A poor defenceleſs being of this order had got thruſt ſome how or other into this luckleſs place—the night was hot, and he was ſurrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himſelf. The dwarf ſuffered inexpreſſibly on all ſides; but the thing which incommoded him moſt, was a tall corpulent German, near ſeven feet high, who ſtood directly betwixt him and all poſſibility of his ſeeing either the ſtage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a

peep at what was going forwards, by ſeeking for ſome little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying firſt one ſide, then the other; but the German ſtood ſquare in the moſt unaccommodating poſture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepeſt draw-well in Paris; ſo he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's ſleeve, and told him his diſtreſs—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David—and unfeelingly reſumed his poſture.

I was juſt then taking a pinch of ſnuff out of my monk's little horn box—And how would thy meek and courteous

courteous ſpirit, my dear monk! ſo temper'd to *bear and forbear!*—how ſweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor ſoul's complaint!

The old French officer ſeeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apoſtrophe, took the liberty to aſk me what was the matter —I told him the ſtory in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his firſt tranſports, which are generally unreaſonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife —The German look'd back coolly,

and told him he was welcome if he could reach it.

An injury ſharpened by an inſult, be it to who it will, makes every man of ſentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redreſſed it.—The old French officer did it with much leſs confuſion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the ſame time with his finger at the diſtreſs—the centinel made his way up to it.—There was no occaſion to tell the grievance—the thing told itſelf; ſo thruſting back the German inſtantly with his muſket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before

before him.—This is noble! ſaid I, clapping my hands together—And yet you would not permit this, ſaid the old officer, in England.

—In England, dear Sir, ſaid I, *we ſit all at our eaſe.*

The old French officer would have ſet me at unity with myſelf, in caſe I had been at variance,—by ſaying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth ſomething at Paris, he offered me a pinch of ſnuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to aſk the old French officer "What was the matter?" for a cry of "*Hauſſez* "*les mains, Monſieur l'Abbe,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the parterre, was as unintelligible to me, as my apoſtrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was ſome poor Abbe in one of the upper loges, who he ſuppoſed had got planted perdu behind a couple of griſſets in order

order to ſee the opera, and that the parterre eſpying him, were inſiſting upon his holding up both his hands during the repreſentation.—And can it be ſuppoſed, ſaid I, that an eccleſiaſtick would pick the Griſſet's pockets? The old French officer ſmiled, and whiſpering in my ear, open'd a door of knowledge which I had no idea of—

Good God! ſaid I, turning pale with aſtoniſhment—it is poſſible, that a people ſo ſmit with ſentiment ſhould at the ſame time be ſo unclean, and ſo unlike themſelves—*Quelle groſſierte!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal ſarcaſm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *groſſiertes*, in which they take the lead, and loſe it of one another by turns—that he had been in moſt countries, but never in one where he found not ſome delicacies, which others ſeemed to want. *Le* POUR, *et le* CONTRE *ſe trouvent en chaque nation*; there is a balance, ſaid he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is ſo can emancipate one half of the world

from

from the prepoſſeſſions which it holds againſt the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *ſçavoir vivre*, was by ſeeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of ſuch candour and good ſenſe, as coincided with my firſt favourable impreſſions of his character—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I miſtook the object—'twas my own way of thinking—the difference was, I could not have expreſſed it half ſo well.

It is alike troubleſome to both the rider and his beaſt—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and ſtarting all the way at every object which he never ſaw before—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honeſtly confeſs, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I bluſh'd at many a word the firſt month—which I found inconſequent and perfectly innocent the ſecond.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the moſt correct; and I never wiſh to ſee one of

more virtues and purity of heart—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the cord —I asked her if she wanted any thing —*Rien que pisser*, said Madame de Rambouliet—

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p--s on—And, ye fair mystic nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

END OF VOL. I.